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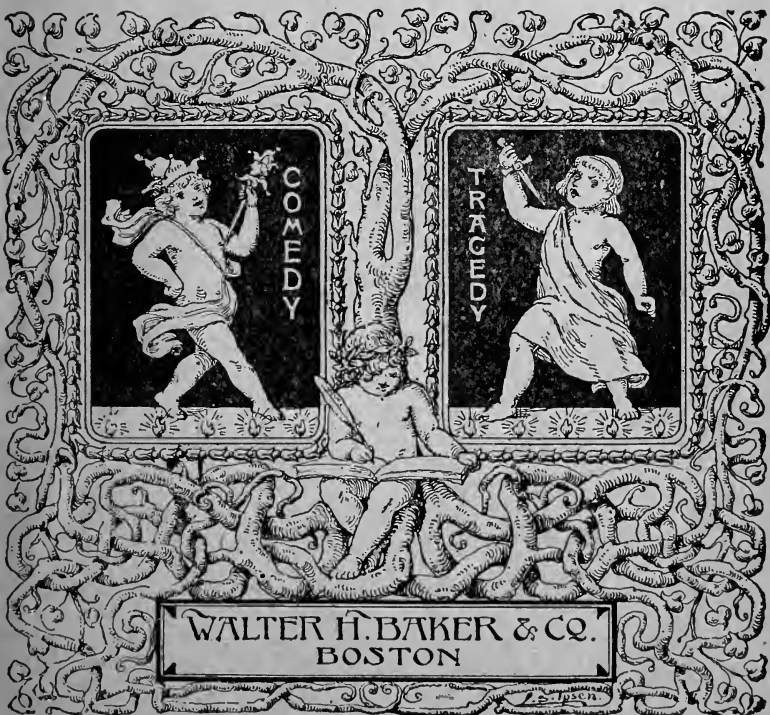
1917

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BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

THE BLOW-UP OF ALGERNON BLOW

Price, 15 Cents



H. W. Pinero's Plays

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THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

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Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow

A Farce in Two Acts

By

VANCE C. CRISS

Author of "His Methodist Foot," etc.



BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1917

PS 3505
R675 B5
1917

The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow

CHARACTERS

J. ALGERNON BLOW, *who knows everything and isn't ashamed of it.*

FERDY SIMPLETON, *a worshiper whose idol is Blow.*

BOB BURWELL, *who finds a way to subdue the arrogant.*

HANNIBAL SCIPIO JONES, *who is lost when his eyes stray from a Latin book.*

JONAS CRABTREE, *who can lay aside ill humor when occasion demands.*

I. WRITEMUP, *in search of an obituary.*

DR. SLASHEM, *prepared for eventualities,*

O. MARBLE TOOMBS, *who would allow the dying a choice.*

TIME OF PLAYING.—Thirty-five minutes.



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FEB 24 1917

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SUGGESTIONS TO THE PRODUCER

BLOW is a young fellow, flashily dressed, very officious and very conceited.

SIMPLETON is an imitator of Blow, though less fastidiously dressed, and somewhat more subdued.

BURWELL is an average young man, natural in all he says and does.

JONES should wear poorly fitting clothes, and should be made up very pale.

CRABTREE is a man of middle age, somewhat dyspeptic in appearance and speech.

WRITEMUP is a trifle immature, but very businesslike.

SLASHEM is a middle-aged man, deliberate in speech and manner.

TOOMBS is a mature man, whose movements are seldom and whose tones are mournful.

R means to the actor's right as he faces the audience. L means to the actor's left as he faces the audience. Down-stage means toward the footlights. Up-stage means toward the rear of the stage. C means center of the stage.



The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow

ACT I

SCENE.—*The parlor of Mrs. Starvem's boarding-house. Time, just before the dinner hour. There is a table up stage C. Chairs are placed as follows: one back of table, one R. of table, one L. of table, and one down stage R. There is a settee down stage L. Telephone on wall R.*

(The curtain rises and discloses JONAS CRABTREE seated on settee reading paper, FERDY SIMPLETON seated back of table, and HANNIBAL SCIPIO JONES seated R. of table engrossed in book.)

SIM. I wish Blow would come. I bought a new tie to-day and I'm anxious to see what he thinks of my taste.

CRAB. *(over his shoulder)*. The only kind of a taste that would do you any good would be a taste of carbolic acid.

BOB BURWELL *(entering R.)*. Good-evening, fellows. *(Takes chair down stage R.)* This has been a mighty fine day. The weather has been ideal for the past week.

CRAB. Well, isn't it about time we were having some decent weather? We've had enough rain this spring to make Noah jealous.

SIM. I can't understand why Blow doesn't come. I sure want to show him that tie.

CRAB. *(over his shoulder)*. Oh, darn that tie. The hangman's the only fellow who can fix a tie like you ought to wear.

BUR. What makes you so cheerful, Crabtree? You must have bought an interest in an undertaking establishment.

JONES *(looking up from book)*. What did you say you had bought?

BUR. I said I had bought something for you that you have needed for a long time.

JONES. What is it?

BUR. A grubbing hoe.

JONES. What on earth would I do with a grubbing hoe?

BUR. You might use it in digging out Latin roots.

SIM. Latin roots! Why, I never even heard of a Latin tree.

CRAB. No, I expect not. They don't grow on farms.

J. ALGERNON BLOW (*entering R.*). What's the matter with dinner? If the old lady doesn't get better service around here, we're going to have to eat our dinner after we come home at night.

(*Crosses to L. of table and takes chair.*)

SIM. Blow, I have been waiting for you. I want you to come up to the room to see a new tie I bought to-day. I'm anxious to see what you'll think of my taste.

BLOW. No need to see the tie to tell that. Haven't I told you a hundred times that your taste is wretched?

SIM. Yes, but I wanted to see if you didn't think I was improving.

BLOW. Speaking of ties reminds me of a delightful chat I had to-day with Amy Tootsie, the movie queen.

BUR. How many yards of ribbon did she buy?

BLOW. This was not a business conversation; it was a social visit. I'll tell you about it. (JONES resumes studying, BUR. takes out a paper and begins to read, and CRAB. returns to his reading.) I happened to be seated alone at a table in the 'Varsity club grill room when Amy entered for lunch. She and I were old pals when I was acting for the camera. It was our first chat for some time and she had a lot of questions to ask about the old days. She said she certainly was sorry I had quit the movie game, and wanted to know if I'd consider an offer from the company she's with. I told her there wasn't a thing doing. If there had been any chance for real art in the movies I'd have stayed with it. The only real art —

CRAB. Is the art required in matching colors at a ribbon counter. Say, Burwell, it begins to look like that trouble on the border is going to be serious. Here's what *The News* says: "El Paso, Tex., May 30. Reliable reports from General Pershing's column indicate that conditions across the border —"

BLOW. Speaking of the border reminds me of an experience I had in Texas while I was riding the range. (BUR. and CRAB. disgustedly return to their reading.) I had gone out early one

morning to find some cows that got away and I was walking back to camp. It was getting late and I was feeling pretty tired. I knew the Mexicans didn't like me, but I had my trusty six shooter at my side. I was walking across a regular desert of a place when suddenly a crowd of Mexicans got up from behind cactus plants and began to yell at me to surrender. I shot two or three of them, and they decided to get in a bunch and rush me. When they got in a bunch I saw my chance. I began to whirl my lariat around my head and rode right toward them. I intended —

CRAB. You rode toward them? I thought you said you were walking.

BLOW. So I was, but fortunately, just as the Mexicans made their attack, my horse came dashing up. It had broken away soon after I left camp and had been hunting me all day. But, as I was saying, I swung my lariat around my head and lassoed the whole bunch. Then I started to camp with the outfit, but the lariat broke and all of them got away. They didn't bother me on the way back, though, but I sure was walked out when I got there.

CRAB. Why didn't you ride?

BLOW. Well, you see my horse got scared and ran off while I was tying my lariat.

BUR. Let's forget the border. The Giants won again today, and with Matty in the box. Merkle stole home in the ninth with no one out.

JONES (*looking up from his book*). Did you say some one stole a home with no one out? I should think stealing a home with everybody out would be hard enough, but I don't see why the occupants didn't protest.

BUR. Great Christopher, Jones, don't you know what a ball game is?

CRAB. Don't be alarmed, Jones, it wasn't a home for the feeble minded that was stolen.

BLOW. Speaking of stealing home reminds me of the time I was playing with the Cubs. I stole three bases on one play.

SIM. Tell us about it.

CRAB. (*turning upon SIM.*). You watch it, Burwell, while I get a club.

BLOW. We were playing with the Phillies. (*All except SIM. resume reading.*) I don't remember who was pitching for them. I drew a pass. When I got to first I took a long lead and the pitcher threw to first to catch me. I outguessed

him and beat it to second. I took another good lead off second, and the first baseman threw there. While he was making the throw, I scooted for third. I pulled the same stunt there, and was just a base ahead of the ball when I crossed the plate. I certainly was going some.

CRAB. You're going some place else a lot faster, if you don't pay more attention to the truth.

SIM. I'd think you'd have stayed in the big league. What made you quit?

BLOW. Well, you see I was such a sure hitter that the opposing pitchers always walked me. That didn't suit the fans, because they want a lot of hitting. The manager finally let me out because he said he had to have a man the other pitchers would let get a swat at the ball occasionally.

CRAB. You ought to be a writer. You can get more fiction out of a hard stick than most writers can out of a pen.

BUR. You'd have old Poe backed off the boards; and he used to write some hair raisers.

BLOW. Shucks! Poe can't write. Another fellow and I were on a ship that went down. We were the only ones who escaped. We floated a week on a raft without anything to eat. Finally the raft began to sink, and we saw that one of us would have to jump overboard. We decided to settle it in an odd sort of way. We pitched slices of bread at a crack. The other fellow lost.

CRAB. By Jove, that was unfortunate.

BUR. If you didn't have anything to eat, how did you happen to have bread slices to pitch at a crack?

BLOW. It was salt rising bread, and we couldn't eat it because we didn't have any water to drink.

SIM. Gee, I wish I had had a lot of adventures like that.

CRAB. Use your imagination, you idiot.

JONES (*putting down book*). I have almost completed a most interesting study. I have been investigating the use of the third person in Cæsar.

BLOW. I haven't got any use for a third person when I seize her.

JONES. Mr. Blow, your levity is almost sacrilegious. You should not jest with the glorious past.

BLOW. The glorious past! There isn't any such thing. The past was too slow. There never was anything doing. What I like is excitement.

JONES. You could have found plenty of excitement in an-

cient Rome. They had gladiatorial combats there in which so many were killed that the arena was soaked in blood.

BLOW. Gladiatorial combats! Good-night! I saw one of them in the movies once. The fellows who fought wore tin suits and had little short swords. That kind of stuff was tame. Give me a good prize-fight every time. But come on, Ferdy; let's go look at that tie. [*Exit, L., followed by SIM.*]

JONES. Perhaps I am mistaken, but I really believe Mr. Blow is ignorant.

CRAB. Ignorant! He's so confounded ignorant that he couldn't tell a French harp from a pipe-organ.

BUR. I'm getting thoroughly tired of his wind jamming. (*Rises, crosses L., and seats self on table.*) He's the worst bore I ever saw. We've got to squelch him, and by George, I believe I've got a way. Let's get him in a fake duel and scare the life out of him. Then we could kid him so much whenever he opened his head that he'd have to shut up. Jones, you can help out in this. We'll get him to challenge you.

JONES. Challenge me! I can't fight. My health always has been poor, and I've never had any strength.

BUR. Who said you'd have to fight him? He won't fight. All we've got to do is to make him think he's got to fight. He hasn't got nerve enough to fight a chicken. You call him a liar or laugh at him, or do any other old thing to him. Then leave the rest to me.

JONES. You're sure you can arrange it so I won't have to fight?

BUR. Sure.

JONES. I believe I'll do it. And why not make it a gladiatorial combat? I would like to see Mr. Blow taken to task for his rather insulting references to ancient Rome.

CRAB. Why not go about it right and feed him to the lions?

BUR. We can't do that, but we can make a fool out of him by scaring him to death. Are you with us, Crabtree?

CRAB. Sure. It's the first sensible idea I've known you fellows to have.

BUR. Now listen, Jones, you laugh at everything Blow says. Leave the rest to me. (*BLOW and SIM. laugh outside L., and BUR. crosses to chair R.*) Remember now, laugh at him and trust to me.

BLOW (*as he and SIM. enter L. and stand talking*). Yessir,

she laughed until she cried. It isn't every one who can kid her like that and get away with it.

JONES. Ha, ha, ha!

BLOW (*turning upon JONES*). Were you laughing at me?

JONES. No, sir. (*BUR. turns upon him.*) Uh-huh—I mean yes, sir.

BLOW. You try it again and I'll hammer your head off. (*Turns again to SIM.*) As I was saying, Simp, I folded her in my arms and ——

JONES. Ha, ha, ha!

BLOW (*starting toward JONES*). You confounded ——

JONES (*running behind BUR., who is seated R.*). Wait a second, wait a second.

BUR. (*rising and bowing to JONES*). Sure. I'll be your second.

BLOW. Say, what are you talking about?

BUR. Jones understood you to challenge him. He asked me to be his second.

JONES. No, no, Mr. Burwell, you are mistaken. I said ——

BUR. Sure. I know Blow is mistaken. He thought you wouldn't accept.

BLOW. I'll knock his block off.

CRAB. Come, come, gentlemen. Let's not have a brawl. This must be a real gentlemanly fight; in other words, a duel.

BLOW. But I don't want to kill him.

CRAB. Of course not. But you won't need to. You can be magnanimous.

BLOW. Be Maggie's nanimus! I don't know what you're talking about, but I'll fight him any old way he wants to.

BUR. Good. That constitutes a challenge, and, as Jones' second, I shall accept for him. Who'll be your second, Blow?

BLOW. You'll be my second, won't you, Simp?

(*SIM. nods.*)

BUR. I believe the challenged party has the right to name the weapons. Isn't that right, Mr. Crabtree? (*CRAB. nods.*) Then the fight will take place here in this room to-morrow morning at five o'clock. The weapons will be Roman short swords. The rules of the ancient gladiatorial combat will be followed. The men will fight in a ten foot circle. If either fighter gets outside the circle, his head is to be cut off. I will ask you, Mr. Crabtree, as a disinterested party, to be heads-

man. I will also ask you to see that we have the swords and the ax here to-morrow morning at the allotted time.

JONES. But, Mr. Burwell, your idea of gladiatorial combats is absurd.

BUR. Of course Mr. Blow heard. I was talking loud enough. Are the terms acceptable to you, Mr. Blow?

BLOW. Certainly. I had a fight just like that in Rome three years ago. I killed the Roman champion in a minute and a half.

JONES. A minute and a half!

(Curtain descends as JONES slips toward door R.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Same as Act I. Time : Early the next morning.*

Enter JONES and BUR., R., and cross L. to front of table.

BUR. The others don't seem to have come. I'll bet two bits Blow is scared.

JONES. He isn't any worse scared than I am. I tell you, Burwell, I'd like to get out of this. I'm afraid he'll insist on fighting.

BUR. Nonsense. He won't do anything of the sort. There isn't a bit of danger. But you've got to keep up your nerve. If you blow up on us, he'll be so chesty there'll be no living with him. You've got to play like you're Horatius at the bridge.

JONES. That would be all right for Horatius, but I'm no soldier. Let's go outside. I'd feel better if I had a little fresh air. [*Exeunt, R.*]

Enter BLOW and SIM, L., and cross to front of table.

SIM. I'll bet Jones is scared. He won't dare fight you.

BLOW. I really should kill that fellow. Still, I don't feel much like fighting to-day. Then that fellow Jones looks so harmless. I'm afraid my conscience would hurt me the rest of my life if I killed him.

BUR. (*outside R.*). It really is a shame, Jones, that you are going to kill a man on a beautiful morning like this. You ought to let him live. Just slash him up a little.

JONES (*outside R.*). It all depends on how he acts. I may decide to let him live.

BLOW (*trembling*). What's that?

SIM. (*admiring trembling BLOW*). Gee, Blow, I wish I could be as brave as you are when you are about to fight for your life.

BLOW. Let's go up to the room so I can lie down and rest a bit, Simp. I always feel better when I fight if I lie down a little while first.

(*They exeunt, L., and BUR. and JONES enter R., and cross to front of table.*)

BUR. Keyholes are mighty handy sometimes. Blow talks like he's scared to death. (*Looks at watch.*) By George, it's five o'clock. I wonder where Crabtree is?

(*Door opens R. and CRAB. enters, carrying two butcher knives and an ax. He puts knives on table, leans ax against table, and stations himself at L. of table, with JONES and BUR. at his R.*)

CRAB. Here are the implements of war. I wish I could get one swat at Blow with this ax.

(*JONES starts toward door R., but BUR. drags him back.*)

BUR. Keep up your nerve, confound it.

CRAB. Is everything ready?

BUR. Yes. This farce will be pulled off just as we decided last night.

SIM. (*entering L.*). I have some good news for Mr. Jones.

BUR. Excellent. Mr. Blow must be ready to fight.

SIM. Oh, no. He has had a sudden attack of appendicitis. He won't be able to fight this morning. He will send down the certificate of a physician if you insist.

BUR. Appendicitis the devil! Tell him to come down here and fight or be branded as a coward.

CRAB. Tell him if he has appendicitis to come down here and let Jones operate on him.

JONES. No, don't—don't tell him that. Tell him——

BUR. (*aside to JONES*). Confound you, keep up your nerve.

JONES. Tell him that if he doesn't come down here that I'll go up to his room and operate on him, and that he'll miss more than his appendix when I get through.

SIM. I'll tell him what you say, but I warn you that it isn't wise to arouse his anger. [*Exit, L.*]

JONES. Look here, Burwell, I'm not cut out for this sort of thing. You take my place.

BUR. Haven't I told you that it's all a joke?

JONES. Yes, I know that's what you said, but if he sticks me with one of those knives, the joke will be all on me.

BUR. You needn't worry. He won't fight. He's scared to death now.

JONES. That may be, but what good will it do me to scare him to death if it scares me to death at the same time?

BLOW (*entering L., followed by SIM.*). Gentlemen, I warn you, I shan't be easy after such treatment. My physician warned me to take care of myself, and since this fight is forced on me, I'll kill Mr. Jones as quickly as possible so I can go back to bed where I belong.

JONES. So far as I am concerned, you can go back to bed right now.

BLOW. What's that?

BUR. He said he burned to send you back to bed right now.

CRAB. Come, gentlemen, enough of this nonsense. (*He goes to C., front of table, JONES at his R., and BUR. R. of JONES. BLOW stations himself at L. of CRAB., and with SIM. on his L.*) I'll explain the conditions of the fight once more. First, I'll draw a ten-foot circle here in the middle of the room. (*He draws circle and returns to his place.*) Now, you two gentlemen are to fight with these Roman short swords. You are to fight until one of you cries for mercy, or gets outside the circle. If either of you gets out of the circle, it will become my painful duty as headsman to cut off your head immediately with this ax. I trust, gentlemen, this will be unnecessary, though I assure you I shall put the unfortunate one out of his misery as speedily as possible.

BLOW. One moment, gentlemen; I believe we had better not fight here.

CRAB. Why not?

BLOW. Well, you see, the landlady has been very good to all of us, and if I killed a man here in this room, it might hurt her business.

JONES. Do you contemplate committing suicide?

BUR. (*to JONES*). Good. Keep it up.

CRAB. If you desire, Mr. BLOW, you may avoid this fight by getting on your knees to Mr. Jones, apologizing humbly to him, and doing whatever penalty he may pronounce upon you.

BLOW. Then I'll fight, but it's against my will.

JONES. Believe me, I'm thrust into this against my will.

BLOW. What did you say?

BUR. He said he believed he'd thrust to kill.

CRAB. Gentlemen, take your places. (*JONES stands just inside circle at R., facing C., with BUR. just back of him. BLOW stands just inside circle at L. facing C., with SIM. just*

back of him. CRAB. hands one knife to JONES, the other to BLOW, and, with the ax, stations himself just back of the circle.) Now, gentlemen, you must wait for the word. (*Both men tremble.*) Are you ready? (*Knock at door, R.*) One moment, gladiators. Burwell, see who comes to interfere.

(BUR. opens door and DR. SLASHEM enters. Pauses just inside door.)

SLASH. Gentlemen, I am Dr. Slashem. I have been summoned here to attend a man who is about to be wounded, perhaps fatally. Which one is—(BLOW is composed, but JONES trembles) Mr. Blow?

(BLOW now trembles and JONES recovers.)

SIM. (*pointing to BLOW*). This is Mr. Blow.

SLASH. Good, or, rather, I should say, too bad. (*Crosses to settee back of SIM., opens grip, takes out saw, hammer, chisel, etc.*) You see, gentlemen, I come prepared. When I was told to come here, I learned that one of the gladiators was Mr. Jones. I knew then that it was all over with his opponent. I know Mr. Jones' record as a gladiator, and I really am quite sorry to see that an amateur has been drawn into a combat with one who has literally soaked the sands of the arena with the blood of his opponents.

BLOW. Look here, men, I've been deceived. It isn't fair to make me fight against a man who knows how to fight this way. I demand some other weapons.

BUR. (*who has resumed place at R. of JONES*). Very well. As the second of the injured party, I shall select shotguns. You and Mr. Jones will sit on opposite sides of this table. At the word "fire," you will shoot. Are the terms satisfactory, or do you wish to find some other excuse?

BLOW. I'm not looking for any excuse. We'll fight the first way.

CRAB. Very well, gentlemen. Are you ready? (*Phone rings.*) Please answer, Mr. Burwell.

(BUR. goes to 'phone.)

BUR. Hello. Yes, this is Mrs. Starvem's residence. Rev. Jeremiah Tompkins, did you say? I'm very glad to meet you, Rev. Tompkins. Yes, Mr. Blow is here. Does he want a minister? No, I don't think so. He isn't going to be married.

BLOW. Yes, I do want to see a minister. We can't have this fight until I've talked with a minister. Tell him we'll wait.

BUR. Mr. Blow says he wants to see you. What? You don't want to see him? Oh, I see. You merely called to inquire whether he would like to have you conduct the funeral.

BLOW. Tell him for heaven's sake to wait till I'm dead.

BUR. He says you'll have to wait and inquire after he's dead.

(Hangs up receiver and returns to place behind JONES.)

CRAB. Once more, gentlemen, are you ready?

(SLASH. draws saw across board.)

JONES. Gentlemen, I'm very sorry, but I've got to go.

(Starts R.)

BUR. Come back here. *(JONES returns to place.)* Why are you in such a hurry?

JONES. I've got too much studying to do to waste time like this.

BUR. There, Mr. Crabtree, you see how busy Mr. Jones is. I trust you will not permit any more interruptions, as my principal desires to return to his work.

CRAB. Very well, we shall proceed at once. *(Door-bell, R., rings.)* A plague upon these interruptions. Will you see what is wanted now, Mr. Burwell?

(BUR. opens door and I. WRITEMUP enters.)

WRI. *(just inside door)*. I am Mr. Writemup of *The Daily News*. I am looking for Mr. Jones.

BUR. I will introduce you. *(Leads WRI. to R. of JONES.)* Mr. Jones, this is Mr. Writemup of *The News*.

(They shake hands.)

WRI. I am informed that you are about to engage in a gladiatorial combat, Mr. Jones, and I called to get some further details as to your record in the bloody arena at Rome.

JONES. But I've never gone to Rome.

BUR. He didn't ask you if you'd gone home. He can see you're here.

WRI. Quite right. I was asking about Rome and your record there.

JONES. But I have no record there.

WRI. Ah, Mr. Jones, I fear you are too modest.

BUR. Indeed, he is too modest, as are all really brave men. (*Glances at trembling BLOW.*) Since Mr. Jones is so modest, I'll give you his record. Mr. Jones spent three years in Rome, and was a pupil of the famous gladiator, Spartacus. After winning the amateur championship in the school, he joined the professionals, and was soon captain of the team Nero organized in the Tiber league. While he has told me nothing of his exploits, I know positively that he took part in seventy-seven combats, and in only one instance did his opponent survive. The mercy shown that one man was due to the pleadings of a beautiful sister.

BLOW. I wish my sister was here.

WRI. That is indeed a great record. Thank you very much, Mr.—Mr.——

BUR. Burwell.

WRI. Mr. Burwell. Now, where is Mr. Blow?

BLOW (*weakly*). I am Mr. Blow.

WRI. (*crossing to R. of BLOW*). Our paper prides itself on obituaries, Mr. Blow, and I am anxious to see that justice is done you in the columns of *The News*. I am anxious to verify a few facts about your life. You are quite an intimate friend of Amy Tootsie, the movie queen, are you not?

BLOW. N-o, I never met her at all.

(*All surprised.*)

WRI. Indeed! I had been told you two were old friends, sweethearts even. And you had some wonderful experiences on the border, I believe.

BLOW. N-o, I never was on the border.

WRI. Strange, quite strange. I had heard your friends speak of the interesting stories of the border you had told. But you fought a most unique duel with slices of bread, did you not?

BLOW. N-o, I was only—only—joking.

WRI. Is it possible? But let me see. You were with the Cubs one season. You established a great record at one time by running around the bases faster than the Philly infield could throw the ball.

BLOW. N-o, that was just another joke.

WRI. Well, this obituary won't be any joke.

BLOW. I know it.

WRI. Now, Mr. Blow, understanding that *The News* insists upon absolute fidelity to facts, please give me, very briefly, the facts in your life.

BLOW. I was born on a farm in Indiana. I came to the city from the farm and got a job at the ribbon counter in the Ridley Emporium. I've been working there ever since. I was just joking when I was telling about being in different places. I didn't think any one would take it seriously.

WRI. Well, one thing is certain. After you meet Mr. Jones in gladiatorial combat, you'll never joke again. Gentlemen, I trust one of you will call me at *The News* office and let me know how long Mr. Blow lives after the thrust is delivered.

[*Exit, R.*]

CRAB. This time, gentlemen, we shall proceed.

BLOW. But I don't want to fight.

CRAB. You heard the terms. Will you accept them?

BLOW. N-o, I'd rather fight.

(*Door R. opens without warning and O. MARBLE TOOMBS enters.*)

TOOMBS (*in sepulchral tones*). Who is Mr. Blow?

BLOW. I am Mr. Blow.

(*TOOMBS silently crosses to him, and, with a tape line, takes his measurements, putting the figures in a book. Finishes and goes to side of SLASH.*)

TOOMBS. Mr. Blow, do you prefer black or white?

BLOW. Black or white?

TOOMBS. Yes. What color of casket do you prefer?

BLOW. I don't understand. Who are you?

TOOMBS. I'm the undertaker.

(*Takes out flask and holds it to light.*)

BUR. What have you there, Mr. Undertaker?

TOOMBS. Embalming fluid.

BLOW. Gentlemen, I'll do anything to get out of this. I don't want to die.

CRAB. Very well. Get on your knees before Mr. Jones. (BLOW *kneels before* JONES.) Mr. Jones, what is your penalty?

JONES. Raise your right hand. (BLOW *does so.*) Swear you've been a liar, a swell-head and a pest.

BLOW. I swear I have been a liar, a swell-head and a pest.

JONES. Now swear you'll never bother us with any more of those half-witted lies.

BLOW. I swear it. Never again.

CURTAIN



REBELLIOUS JANE

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Rachel Baker Gale

Author of "Mr. Bob," "Bachelor Hall," etc.

Eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an exterior and an interior. Plays two and a quarter hours. Royalty \$5.00 for amateur performance. Jane Delafield's visit to a ranch makes her discontented with the trammels of "society," so she persuades her mother to go "west," where she becomes the champion of Elizabeth Weston, who has left home to avoid a repugnant marriage urged upon her by her brothers as part of a business transaction. This brings her into some extensive and exciting complications and a rather more strenuous life than she had planned. She gets away with it, however, and all ends well. Irish, colored and "old maid" comedy parts. Has been successful for two seasons in manuscript. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MRS. DELAFIELD, *a woman of fashion, rather blasé and bored with her social duties.*

JANE, *her daughter, young and attractive who rebels against conventionalities, and takes her family and friends to California where they live on a ranch.*

ELISE REYNOLDS, *her friend, who also longs for something "worth while."*

ANNE WESTON, *Mrs. Delafield's social secretary, a young woman who has run away from her brothers' ranch to escape marrying a notoriously bad man.*

MAMMY ROSE, *an old colored servant, who has taken care "ob Miss Janey eber since she war born."*

SAMANTHA HEATHERBLOOM, *a strong-minded woman with a bee 'industry.*

ELLEN, *her maid. Excellent opportunity for Irish dialect.*

MANDA SHARPEWELL, *a spinster who seeks oblivion and repose.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Mrs. Delafield's garden.

ACT II.—Interior of a house on a ranch in Southern California.

PLAYING THE GAME

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Josepha M. Murray

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single easy interior. Plays one and a half hours. Free of royalty. Mrs. Wentworth wants her daughter, Helen, to get a rich husband, and picks out Archie Laurier, an impecunious youth whose mother is looking for an heiress for him. Both mothers play the game for all that it is worth, but Aunt Phoebe Ellis, from the country, gives the whole thing away in the end. Irish comedy part. Clean and bright. Well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

RED ACRE FARM

A Rural Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Gordan V. May. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior, one exterior. Plays two hours. An easy and entertaining play with a well-balanced cast of characters. The story is strong and sympathetic and the comedy element varied and amusing. Barnaby Strutt is a great part for a good comedian; "Junior" a close second. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE COUNTRY MINISTER

A Comedy Drama in Five Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery not difficult. Plays a full evening. A very sympathetic piece, of powerful dramatic interest; strong and varied comedy relieves the serious plot. Ralph Underwood, the minister, is a great part, and Roxy a strong soubrette; all parts are good and full of opportunity. Clean, bright and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE COLONEL'S MAID

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. Leona Dalrymple. Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. An exceptionally bright and amusing comedy, full of action; all the parts good. Capital Chinese low comedy part; two first-class old men. This is a very exceptional piece and can be strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

MOSE

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. W. Miles. Eleven males, ten females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. A lively college farce, full of the true college spirit. Its cast is large, but many of the parts are small and incidental. Introduces a good deal of singing, which will serve to lengthen the performance. Recommended highly for co-educational colleges.

Price, 15 cents

OUR WIVES

A Farce in Three Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half. A bustling, up-to-date farce, full of movement and action; all the parts good and effective; easy to produce; just the thing for an experienced amateur club and hard to spoil, even in the hands of less practical players. Free for amateur performance.

Price, 25 cents

THE SISTERHOOD OF BRIDGET

A Farce in Three Acts by Robert Elwin Ford. Seven males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, easy interiors. Plays two hours. An easy, effective and very humorous piece turning upon the always interesting servant girl question. A very unusual number of comedy parts; all the parts good. Easy to get up and well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

EXCUSE ME!

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Four males, six females. Scenery, one exterior and one interior; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a quarter. Robert Stetson gets a job on a big daily on condition that he makes good with a big sensation story in three days. Jack Harding, who has it in for him, plans a fake sensation to get him in wrong, but by accident abducts in his auto Bob's sister, his own sister-in law, who has never seen him. He takes her, under the impression that she is really being abducted, to a bachelor suite that her husband has retained after his marriage unknown to her, and there his troubles begin when Mrs. Harding manages to escape his custody and people refuse to take the matter as a joke. An exceptionally rapid and exciting piece of comedy with lots of good parts. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

ROBERT STETSON, *an ambitious young newspaper man.*

JOHN HARDING, *who has it in for him.*

ALOYSIUS DALRYMPLE, *bug-house on butterflies.*

PINKERTON BEAN, *something in the pill line.*

ELAINE STETSON-HARDING, *Robert's sister.*

NARCISSA O'KEE, *Dalrymple's fiancée, in the "movie" line.*

MARTHA WINTHROP, *a neighbor of Mrs. Harding's.*

ALICE LINDSEY, *another.*

DORA ATHERTON, *another.*

KATIE, *made in Ireland.*

MARGERY MAKES GOOD

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Lillian Clisby Bridgham

Six male, ten female characters. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays one hour. Josephine Sears and her "set" of girl friends plan to entertain an equal number of her brother Philip's college friends. At the last minute one of the "inseparables" falls ill, and as a last resort, Margery Deane, a disregarded "mouse," is invited to fill the gap. To the surprise and consternation of the girls, the despised mouse becomes the hit of the evening with the boys. An excellent piece for young people calling, as it does, for pretty clothes, college songs and other popular matters. All the parts good.

Price, 25 cents

MACBETH

A Tragedy in Five Acts

By William Shakespeare

Twenty-three males, four females. Costumes and scenery elaborate. Plays a full evening. This latest addition to The William Warren edition of plays is the version of this play formerly used in stock at the old Boston Museum Company. It presents a capital acting version of this standard play for amateur performance.

Price, 15 cents

NO TRESPASSING

A Play in Three Acts

By Evelyn Gray Whiting

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single easy interior. Plays two hours. Free of royalty. Lisle Irving, a lively "city girl," goes down into the country on a vacation and to get rid of a husband of her father's choice whom she has never seen, and runs into the very man living there under another name. He meets her by accident and takes her to be one of a pair of twins who have been living at the farmhouse. She discovers his mistake and in the character of both twins in alternation gives him the time of his life, incidentally falling in love with him. An unusual abundance of good comedy characters, including one—Bill Meader—of great originality and humor, sure to make a big hit. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

BILL MEADER, "*on the town.*"

JIM MEADER, *son of Bill, a boy of sixteen to eighteen.*

MR. PALMER, *a New England farmer.*

CLEVELAND TOWER, *a young city fellow, guest of Raynor.*

HERBERT EDMAND RAYNOR, *a young Englishman.*

MR. IRVING, *father of Lisle.*

LISLE IRVING, *a girl of seventeen.*

PEGGY PALMER, *a girl of eighteen or twenty.*

MRS. PALMER, *Peggy's mother.*

BARBARA PALMER, *a girl of ten or twelve years.*

ALMEDA MEADER, *a girl about Barbara's age.*

THE GIRL UP-STAIRS

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgman

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays an hour. Daisy Jordan, crazy to get "on the stage," comes to New York and starves there in a lodging house waiting for her chance. She schemes to get an interview with Cicely Denver, a popular actress, to act before her, but the result is not at all what she intended. A capital play with strong and ingenious opportunities for good acting. Recommended.

Price, 15 cents

TICKETS, PLEASE!

A Comedy in One Act

By Irving Dale

Four females. Costumes, modern and fashionable; scenery, an interior, not important. Plays twenty minutes. Mignon asks Charlotte to get the theatre tickets, Charlotte asks Maude to get them, Maude hands over three to Linda, who leaves two at Mignon's house after she has left home. But they get to the theatre somehow. Bright, funny and characteristic. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

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The William Wa of Plays

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AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

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INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

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